

THE
Johnson Journal



May, 1934

M. T. STEVENS & SONS COMPANY

MANUFACTURERS OF

WOOLEN and WORSTED

MEN'S WEAR and WOMEN'S WEAR

NORTH ANDOVER

MASSACHUSETTS

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.

Textile Machinery

CARD CLOTHING and

NAPPER CLOTHING

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. XIMAY, 1934No. 3

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	WILLIAM B. GRAHAM
Assistant Editor	VIRGINIA BIXBY
Art Editors	{ MARTHA CURLEY
	{ CLAIRE M. LEBEL
Humor Editor	ARTHUR H. AARONIAN
News Editor	HENRY M. KENNEDY
Sports Editor—Girls	BLANCHE L. DOWNING
Sports Editor—Boys	LEWIS J. SANDERSON
Exchange Editor	ELLEN RILEY
Alumni Editor	MARGUERITE A. PHELAN

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager	HELEN CLARENBACH
Advertising Manager	JOHN E. KENNEDY
Assistant Advertising Manager	J. CLIFFORD JOHNSON
Circulating Manager	
Faculty Adviser	MISS McALOON
Typists	{ HELEN L. DAVIS, ISABELLE E. FENTON
	{ ELEANOR M. ROCHE, RITA L. ENAIRE

REPORTERS

Senior Class	WILLIAM DRUMMOND, MARJORIE ANDREWS
Junior Class	ALLISON PITKIN, ARTHUR OLSON
Sophomore Class	CLAIRE CARROLL, WILLIAM CURRIER
Freshman Class	NEEDHAM BROWN, EDNA CASSIDY
	JOSEPH MAKER

Table of Contents

STAFF	1
EDITOR'S PAGE	2
LITERARY	2
EXCHANGES	10
ATHLETICS	10
ALUMNI NOTES	12
CHATTER	13
JOKES	14



EDITOR'S PAGE



SILENCE

We have often heard "Silence is golden" and how often we've been told "Children should be seen but not heard."

Unthinkingly we've either acted on this advice or we have not, depending upon our reactionary natures. However, when we do take time to consider why we've been so constantly heeded, it does not take long to recognize the value of this admonition.

Again and again the occasion has arisen when to our surprise a smile or a nod has worked so much better than an overflow of meaningless words. How often we have avoided embarrassment for ourselves and others in the nick of time by silence, and how chagrined we can be when

the thought occurs that by meaningless chatter we have unknowingly hurt someone deeply.

However, silence in this form is a means to selfish ends. Here it is our own embarrassment and discomfiture we seek to avoid. There is a more valuable silence than that.

There is the silence which is understanding, the silence in which others confide, knowing that their confidences are in sympathetic trust. The value of this silence lies in that it broadens the nature, creates sympathy and understanding, virtues sadly lacking in this age of rush and hurry. However, it still holds true that a man's best friend is the one who stops him on the street, says "How are you?" and stands silent to hear the reply.



LITERARY



A SPRING FANTASY

The morning air was tinged with frost, crisp and clear. The warm sun had just tinted the brightly colored roofs and found its way in the cool, shadowy streets, where flower girls were arranging their booths, baker shops were being opened, letting forth a savory smell of freshly-baked bread, a clatter of thick, wooden shoes sounded along the cobbled streets, those of a peddler

starting on his way. It was the beginning of another day in Dordogne. Now children's voices shouted in the streets, busy housewives bustled to and fro in their immaculate cottages, every shop window bulged, as they proudly showed forth their delicious supplies.

But at the end of a crooked little street, one shop still slept; the door was closed, the curtains pulled down protectingly from the inquisitive

sun. Passersby glanced curiously at the closed door but rambled on. Each one had his own affairs to tend to in Dordogne. A small boy, beaming and red from a very recent scrubbing, danced up to the door and pulled the bell imperiously. But to the call no one answered. He pouted and turned away disappointed. Prisscy hadn't told him she was going away and she wasn't sick. Why! Prisscy never was sick. Pierre didn't believe in people disappearing in thin air nor being carried away by a fairy princess, yet Prisscy did—where was she?

At six that morning, Princette Vandeur, sole proprietor of the "La Modiste", attired in a handsome suit with one of her own hats perked over her lovely eyes, had slipped inconspicuously from her shop and quietly hastened over the stubbly streets, to a small station. Its glistening green blinds, fat, red chimney and the dazzling white paint was just the spot to start an adventure to Marseilles. This was, of course, no great journey and she had been there many times, but Princette had an astonishing imagination. Many people even thought her queer, so this monthly trip to Marseilles was an entrancing adventure to the dancing-eyed milliner. The chugging locomotive steamed into Marseilles at quarter of eight, and already on her dream boat, as in a daze, she made her way through the busy throng to the Canebriere. The whole morning she spent peeking in shop windows, buying trinkets and sticks of luscious candy which would delight the bright, chubby Pierre. In reverence she gazed at "La Mort", covered with dust in a poor looking antique shop, she bought big, juicy oranges from a fruit boy, and spent

the price of a dainty bonnet in biscuits, pieces of which she threw to the cooing pigeons, as she sat on the cement railing of a little bridge. But Princette Vandeur was not entirely in the clouds, for she bargained briskly with a pleading salesman and finally got her own price. She chose dainty veils, pert bows, with the air of a connoisseur. At noon as the hot sun shone on the vivid blue of the Mediterranean, making curious reflections in the water, Prisscy sat in a chair on the La Venice munching at a piece of toast and staring out to sea. She sat there dreamily, reflecting on a new creation she had in mind, when a low, well-modulated voice interrupted her thoughts.

"Olga Korpanoff?"

Prisscy turned her cool eyes toward the speaker. They roamed slowly from the neatly shod feet to the pale, thin face, delicately featured, heavy eyebrows, and dark, thickly cropped hair. Her arched eyebrows drew together interrogatively. Surely he did not appear impudent, his respectful attitude dispelled all doubt of this. Then he must have mistaken her for another. Evidently a Russian by the name, and such an interesting one. And again Prisscy's imagination ran away with her for she guardedly answered, "Well?"

He seemed not a bit abashed, for he went on, "Monsieur Bossunge asked me to meet an Olga Korpanoff, an exile from Russia, who was arriving here sometime this week, today or Friday, and seeing no one at the dock when I arrived, I've been searching until I found you. From the description, you ought to be Miss Korpanoff."

He finished with a slight wave of

his hand. Then Prisscy did a very foolish thing. Instead of disclaiming any relations to this Russian, as any sensible young woman should, she jumped straight into trouble.

"Why not have some fun?" she reasoned. "This person will return Friday and I will be gone, never heard of again, but for one day I'll have some adventure!"

She solemnly answered, "Yes, I am Olga Korpanoff. I was warned to be aware of enemies of my uncle so tried to hide my identity, but you are surely my friend." She spoke slowly and precisely, as if choosing her words carefully. When Prisscy did a thing, she did it well!

She had finished her lunch, so holding herself aloof from his vibrant personality, they strolled down the steps and back to the center of the town. First he took her to a large spacious building where she met many Russian exiles. One tall, imperious looking gentleman, a white beard increasing his grandeur, eyed her keenly, as she was introduced. She wiggled inwardly under this inspection, which seemed to penetrate through her mask to Princette Vandeur, but outwardly she presented a picture of ease and unconcern. To questions of her family and her trip she answered evasively, and two women overhearing her declared, "Poor child, she has suffered much."

Gladly she left this place, which so imperiled her, and still with her companion, headed toward a house where she was to meet a long lost friend, but almost too fortunate for such a wicked young person, the supposed friend was away for the day.

Princette could scarcely restrain herself from crying out to Monsieur Bornes, as he turned out to be, that

she was no Russian, only a milliner, foolish and imaginative, and punish her as he would, but she only succeeded in saying "Monsieur" and ending with a sigh.

"Yes?"

"Is there no place where we can rest? I am tired."

"Here," and they stopped under the cool shade of an awning. He also questioned her about herself, what she intended to do, and told her about a meeting which she was to have with an old friend, Nicholas Oregoff. "You are happy?" he said for she seemed disappointed and had lost her gay manner. She brightened up, as it seemed to be expected.

"Ah, yes. It is so long. I wonder what he looks like." She fervently prayed she would never lay her eyes on him.

The long shadows cast by the setting sun told them it was time to go. Once again, arm in arm, they returned to their meeting place and enjoyed an appetizing lunch.

"Come, we must return. You are to meet your friend at quarter past six; it is nearly six." He rose swiftly, his thin but well-knit figure towering over the tea table. She nervously gathered her gloves, and with trembling knees and faltering steps, she followed him. Her eyes darted this way and that, wildly seeking an outlet, like an animal at bay but none was to be found. He led her gently but firmly through the drifting crowds, where she might have escaped, and just as the bells boomed six they reached a terminal of carriages. "Wait here, I have to find a carriage to take us there," and he was lost in the mass. Prisscy lost no chance to signal the nearest cab driver and giving one regretful glance behind her, she hopped in the

carriage and whirled off. On the train lumbering back to Dordogne, she opened her bag and found a brief note in neat backhand.

"You played your part well, but alas, not so successfully, for I met someone who recognized you. But may our acquaintance not end but continue into one great adventure."

MARTHA CURLEY, '34

HIS DUTY

He was standing on the wharf, looking back at the steamer from which he had descended; his cap down over his eyes, his coat old and dusty, his pants covered with patches of various hues, some sewed on the inside and some on the outside but all done with that same long, crude stitch which usually ended in a stringer trailing part way down his leg. As he stood there looking back he gave an appearance of being unfamiliar with his surroundings, like a king in the hut of a peasant, yet not wholly similar for, in truth, his general outward appearance was homogeneous with its background. He turned, and with uncertain lingering steps started down the cobbled street, seeming to be turning some project over in his mind.

In about twenty minutes he stopped before a large, red brick building where a woman with great prolixity and frothiness, accompanied by sweeping blows of a broom was disintegrating two loafers from the granite block before the entrance to her boarding house. She turned, broom raised above her head, about to strike him with it when something in his eyes stopped her.

"Does Sarah Butter, Mrs. Sarah Butter live here?" he asked almost apologetically.

"You mean the Widow Butter? Yes. Want to see her?"

He nodded. She led the way up the stairs while he followed pondering to himself. Every few moments as he brought his foot down on the clean but worn steps he would let the word, "Widow," escape from his lips mechanically in an ultra-whisper.

They reached the top and he was abruptly brought back from his world of pondering by the conclusive explanation of the landlady.

"It's that last door down there off the right. Yeh, the one opposite the sink. Better knock loud because she's kinder deaf; had a hard life, poor thing."

She turned and disappeared down the dark stairway dragging her broom after her.

He was alone; he knew what door it was; he knew who was inside there yet it didn't seem right now in reality. How different he had thought it would be! How he had planned and foreseen this incident so many times! There was to be a parade and banners, and then the banquet where his old pals would greet him and the beautiful bouquet of flowers given to him by his, his wi—; no, she was hardly that any more. What could he expect? He had been a fool to think of it that way. He looked down at the patched pants, the shoes with their broken tips where his bare, dirty toes stuck through. No, it was no use; it couldn't be this way; it would shatter his dreams, his planning, his life—what then was left of it. Why, even Mrs. Kelly didn't recognize him. He'd work hard; it would be as he had planned and he'd be dressed the way he ought to be, the way he used to be and—

But the last door on the right

opened and a slight fragile woman stepped out.

"Is that you Mrs. Kelley? I—why, Jerry!"

"Sarah! Oh, I've been a fool."

"Where have you been? Lord, look at your clothes. It's been awful these six years and I thought you were—well; two years after you left I got a letter and it said you were dead, killed in an explosion in Russia."

"Oh! that letter. I forgot. Well, I happened to be pretty low in a hospital in Russia, I guess it was from an explosion. I sure figured that I was going to die and there was a fellow in my room who was going out that day and I thought that maybe you were in need of money and I knew that there was some insurance, not much, but it might help, so I told him to write to you and to say that I was dead. He wasn't very serious about it but he said that he would in a manner well, as if he was thinking. You can't refuse a dying man. But I never thought that he really sent it. So that's why Mrs. Kelley said the 'Widow Butter.'"

"Yes, I've been a 'widow' for four years. Everyone calls me that. I collected your insurance. It wasn't so much, but Lord knows it helped. Then the state gave me a pension, a widow's pension, and that's what we've been living on, Jerry and myself. He's mine now. He's been getting an orphan's pension too. Jerry, come here."

A small boy, dressed plainly but cleanly, came forward. One could see a strange subtle resemblance between father and son; yet one seemed to depict the beginning of life with its freshness, ambitions and spotless clothing all supervised by a mother,

and the other seemed to portray that same boy fifty years later, worn and discouraged, wearing those same clothes in which he had fought life's battle and lost.

"Jerry, this man is your father."

"No, but my father is dead. I haven't any father; you told me that, mother."

"Yes, but he isn't really dead, I thought he was but it was a mistake."

The boy looked at his shabby, world-worn father with incredulity and the tears began to roll down the man's face.

"Let's go inside. I have a stew on and you must be hungry," said Mrs. Butter, as she turned to lead the way.

The shabby man hesitatingly followed her, running his fingers through the thick, light hair of the wondering son.

Thus it was that Jerry Butter returned after six years in Russia, poorly dressed, yet reformed. He came back to do what was right for his family whom he had neglected. He was going to work, yes, even slave for them, his wife and son. He was going to give them the kind of living that they deserved, the kind that they should have had those past six years. He had made a blunder of life, but from now on he would live just for those whom he had wronged.

With these thoughts in his mind, Jerry set out the next day in search of work. He was dressed respectably in some clothes Mr. Kelley had loaned him, yet he tramped from mill to mill, to the library—maybe they would need a janitor—to the grain stores, to the shipping place, down to the wharf, up to the coun-

try club and from there back to the city hall, but always there was the same answer to his query, "No work."

On the next day it was the same, and neither on the day after or even on the day after that was there any encouragement, so a whole week passed and still Jerry was out of work.

On the eighth day after his return he was utterly discouraged. He wanted to do his best; he wanted to mend things, to get his wife a cottage and money for his son's education but they wouldn't give him a chance.

That night the climax came. They were sitting near the fire. Young Jerry was reading a book when an abrupt knock came on the door. Mrs. Butter opened it and there in the doorway stood a large, stern looking man, wearing a blue overcoat and a derby still on his head. He came in without saying a word. He looked at Jerry by the fire and then turned to Mrs. Butter.

"Is that your husband?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm investigating for the state about these widow's pensions. We've been suspicious of you for some time. I guess you know the consequences. Your pensions stop today."

He turned and left mumbling something to himself about these people who try to break the government.

Jerry was up somewhat earlier than usual the next day. He started off in the direction of the wharf. His wife was watching him from the window as he started off defiantly down the street. She noticed with a tear in her eye that he wasn't de-

pressed or discouraged; his head was thrown back and he marched like a soldier going to war. She turned and started to do her housework. About a half-hour later she entered the dining room and found a note lying on the table. She picked it up and read—

"I've done everything wrong in my life, but there's one thing I'm not going to muddle. Go and see that state agent about the pension tomorrow. I'm more good to you dead than alive. It's my duty. Good-by, Jerry."

JOHN KENNEDY, '34

THE POEM WHICH IS NOT

Can you guess what and how I waste my spare time?

You can! What then, Oh Wonderful Man? Elucidate.

Ah! you say, I play, I read, I think, Far from it, my good man, ah!

There you have it. Yes. I rhyme during my spare time.

When I awake at the rosy blush of dawn,

I rouse my eyes and soliloquize

Upon what I shall pawn,

To the detriment of those peace-makers who wish that I would not snivel,

And give forth such drivell.

Now to my work.

Shall it be lordly verse, or shallow chatter,

Shall it be sonorous, deep rolling odes,

Or the scrapings and the whip of the batter?

Thus think I when in pleasant repose.

Meter and verse, pentameter and rhyme,
 Leap through my brain with the craziest of thyme,
 What shall it be, "Alack, alas poor Yorick! I knew him well"?
 Or "Pretty moonbeams do shine so bright upon my bald pate and in the well"?

Thus through the whole day long,
 And the natives for fish do prawn,
 I essay thus "To be or not to be?
 That is the question;"
 And finally when day is ending,
 I sit down to muse and to take stock of my questing.

And, alack and alas,
 There appears to me in the silvery moonlight,
 That essence of lazy foolishness;
 Exactly less than nothing.

LEROY DUNCAN, '37

A RIDDLE

How can one tell when Winter's past?
 'Tis simple, for if your eyes you cast
 To the tree-tops, or the corner of the lawn,
 You may see a robin chirping in the early morn.
 The farmer makes his way into the field
 And thinks of crops which it will later yield.
 Proud Madam stoops beside her garden bed,
 And looks for sprouts on plants that seem as dead.
 The girls jump rope with all their might,
 While boys snap marbles yelling with delight.

Now when you see all this good cheer,

What season do you think is here?

MARION CURRIER, '37

FIRST IN PEACE

ELLEN RILEY, '34

Prize essay of the American Legion Contest

As we rapidly and inevitably approach the anniversary of George Washington's birth, on February 22, 1732, it is fitting that we pause to consider the place in our history of this great patriot. It is impossible to ignore the memory of such a man as he, who played such an immense part in the successful birth of the United States, without ignoring the existence of our country as the free and independent nation that it is.

George Washington became Commander-in-Chief of the hitherto insignificant American forces in June, 1775, and for several years his history was that of the Revolutionary War. He created the American army, and led it, with various results, through battles with the well trained, experienced English generals, Howe, Clinton, Burgoyne, and Cornwallis, until he finally forced Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown. This was the last important action of the war; to Washington's dauntlessness, moderation, and prudence the United States owed its independence, which was secured by the treaty of peace concluded in 1783.

It is idle to deny that Washington was the backbone of the Revolution; his greatness is implicitly founded in concrete evidence of his ability as a soldier. His rashness and daring displayed at Fort Duquesne and Monmouth, and repeated in the perilous

crossing of the Delaware, have been compared to the courage of William the Conqueror at Hastings. His nerves were as unflinching as steel in the face of the intense suffering during the winter at Valley Forge. He turned a ragged body of suspicious New Englanders into well trained soldiers, ready to die for him. He imperially put down the Conway intrigue, and reduced Congress to his bidding. In dealing with the cases of Arnold and Andre, he displayed nobleness surpassable by none. Undoubtedly, the course of United States history would have followed a different trend, had Washington accorded with his mother's wishes that he become a British sailor.

Though we think of Washington most often in terms of military genius, he was as great a statesman as a general. He received his training in affairs when only a boy. He was forced to rely on himself in early age, and so attained the self-discipline which is so indispensable to a political leader. He was in no danger of becoming a doctrinaire, since circumstances taught him the lesson of life through contact with men rather than with books. When he was sixteen years old, he explored and surveyed the lands of Lord Fairfax in the wild passes of the Alleghenies, and his encounters with the savage Indian tribes gave him a true sympathy with democracy, which enabled him to understand the only reasonable principle on which a government in America could be established. His good birth and training, together with his position as a planter aristocrat, gave him a close touch with the English past which the new nation could not hope

to entirely repudiate. Add to all this his essential straightforward and manly nature, and we have as well-equipped a statesman as world history can furnish.

Washington served nobly for several years in the Virginia House of Burgesses. When the time of stress called for unity of action, Washington was a member of the First Continental Congress, where, according to Patrick Henry, he was the greatest man among the delegates. After the war, he resigned from Congress, and retired to Mount Vernon. He was not to remain in seclusion, however, the Federation of States having failed, Washington suggested conventions for commercial purposes; from this idea grew the Convention of 1787, of which Washington was a member. This Convention founded the present Federal Constitution, under which George Washington was elected President.

He was inaugurated in April 30, 1789, in New York. His government was marked by that well tempered prudence which distinguished all his conduct. Being re-elected, he served until 1797, when he again returned to his estate.

When difficulties with France arose, in 1797, threatening hostilities, Washington was appointed Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief. He accepted the appointment with reluctance, but with a characteristic spirit of obedience to the call of duty.

On December 14, 1799, Washington died from cold contracted by exposure in the saddle. He left to us a profitable heritage, his footsteps in which to make our life's way, if we will.



EXCHANGES



Dear Friends in "Exchange,"

Here we are together again to give and take helpful suggestions and encouraging praise about our respective student publications.

Of the various Sports Columns which we have seen recently, we think the one which "The Philomath" brings from Framingham is the best; we suggest that others try using cartoons similarly, since the Framinghamers have been so successful with them. Some of us would like to know the source of Mills's amazing facts, such as the one about ex-President Coolidge, and we hope you will print the solution to that particular puzzle—our English teachers are still working on it.

And here we take space to ask why the staff of the "Lawrence High School Bulletin" allowed that story of the Phantom to come to us incomplete; please hurry with the rest of it. Your "Exchange Column" is novel—and so many are not. The whole magazine is well-filled, but we think you could incorporate a few more jokes.

Again we are glad to talk about "Lasell Leaves," from Lasell Junior College in Auburndale. This number has a most charming cover, and the whole magazine, including some excellent editorials, is a complete volume in itself. But we *do* wish you would chat with the rest of us through the medium of an Exchange Column—it's such fun, really.

At last you people in Methuen High School have decided to let us see your "Blue and White." We can't understand why you have been so modest about it, as it really is good, though a little scanty. Must you have such a large percentage of jokes?

The semi-monthly "Little Red Schoolhouse" from Athol interests us immensely. It is versatile and friendly, and having two issues per month is really a good way to keep news up to date.

In closing, may I thank you all for sending us your journals, together with comments and suggestions as to improvement of our own "Johnson Journal."

Sincerely,
ELLEN RILEY, '34



ATHLETICS



SPORT DEPARTMENT—BOYS

Johnson High concluded its basketball season in a blaze of glory finally winning two championships; namely, the Lowell Suburban League and the Lawrence Suburban League.

During the season the Johnson boys won all but four games; they lost to Acton twice, to Danvers in the Danvers tournament and to Rockport, the game being forfeited on account of the lack of efficiency in the ref-

ereeing. At the end of the regular season Johnson and Acton were tied for the league's leadership and the playoff took place on the Billerica High floor in Billerica. Johnson speeding, flashed such good basketball that they completely overwhelmed their opponents who were playing against inspired basketball players. Johnson finally won by the score of 20 to 11. The trophy which was won by the boys now adorns the shelf in the library.

With four of the original five players back, prospects for next year look exceedingly bright. The task of electing the captain for next season was delayed until the end of next season, as there will be a captain picked for each game. "Good luck to you basketball team of 1935!"

Following the basketball season, Coach Mitchell called out his baseball candidates for 1934. There was some doubt whether J. H. S. would have a baseball team, but the hearty spirit of the American Legion came out in full and they will support the team. This year's team will be based mostly on younger players, there being but few Seniors on the squad.

LEWIS SANDERSON, '34

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team, ably coached by Miss Colburn and Miss Kelly, has completed a very successful season this year. Out of a total of fifteen games played, the team won twelve, tied one, and lost two. Most of the team have won letters for having participated in at least three games.

The summary of the last nine games of the schedule is as follows:

Johnson	52	Methuen	9
Johnson	31	Howe	30

Johnson	31	Littleton	13
Johnson	28	Acton	12
Johnson	38	Methuen	9
Johnson	30	Acton	13
Johnson	17	Chelmsford	15
Johnson	18	Merrimac	17
Johnson	23	Chelmsford	25

The first game against Methuen proved an easy victory for the Johnson girls with the one-sided score of 52-9.

The return game with the Howe High School girls of Billerica proved to be a very close game. From start to finish it was a fight, with Johnson winning in the end by only one point, 31-30.

The second Littleton game did not prove to be as easy a victory as the first; however, the Johnson girls' team won by the score of 31-13.

Meeting Acton on their floor, in a hard, fast game, the Johnson girls defeated the Acton girls 28-12.

The second Methuen game resulted in a defeat for Methuen. The score was 38-9. Acton, also, was defeated in the second game by the score of 30-13.

Journeying to Chelmsford for a game which meant tie or defeat in the Lowell Suburban League, the girls' team staged a game which proved a fight to the finish. After leading during most of the game, the Johnson girls won in the final minutes 17-15. This victory resulted in the necessity for a play-off for the first place in the Lowell League.

In a very rough game, ending the regular season for the team, the Johnson girls' team beat the Merrimac girls by the slight margin of one point, 18-17.

In the Lowell Y. M. C. A. the play-off with Chelmsford was held. From the starting whistle to the end

of the game, it was a hard battle. At times Chelmsford led, then again Johnson was as much as five points ahead; however, when the game ended, Chelmsford held the lead 25-23, winning the League cup for the season 1933-34, with Johnson in an undisputed second place.

Altogether a very successful season was played—one of the most successful in girls' basketball. The following girls won letters:

Seniors: Virginia Bixby (Capt.), Marjorie Andrews, Eleanor Fitzgerald, Marguerite Phelan, Helen

Walker, Catherine May, Arlene McEvoy, Bernice Dufton, Blanche Downing.

Juniors: Elizabeth McRobbie.

Sophomores: Sylvia Broderick, Corinne Lewis, Hannah Goff, Allison Kirk.

Freshmen: Margaret McRobbie, Rosemary Chasman, Isabel Phelan, Olga Ceplikas.

The following Senior girls will be awarded sweaters: Virginia Bixby (Capt.), Marguerite Phelan, Helen Walker, Eleanor Fitzgerald, Blanche Downing, and Helen Clarenbach.



ALUMNI NOTES



ALUMNI NOTES

Word has been received by the editor that Miss Jean Barker, who graduated from Johnson High School with the class of '33, and is now a Freshman at Jackson College, was an active member of the committee in charge of the Annual Spring Formal. This event was sponsored by the All Around Club at Jackson, and was held on Friday, April 13, at Cousen's Gymnasium.

Robert Bixby, a graduate of Johnson High School in the year 1927, is now a civil engineer at Salem, Mass. After his graduation from this school, he attended Northeastern University, from which he received his diploma with the class of 1931.

Richard A. Hodges, who was graduated from Johnson High School in 1931, and is now a sophomore at Tufts College, was a member of the cast of "The Lawless," a four-act drama. This play was written by

Professor Morse of the Tufts College Faculty, and was to be presented on April 19 and 20, by the Pen, Paint, and Pretzels, the Senior honorary dramatic society.

Serving on the staff of the Lowell Textile Year Book, *The Pickout*, is Robert Graham, a graduate of Johnson with the class of 1929.

"Danny" Balavich, graduated from Johnson in 1932, is now continuing his studies at Amherst College, where he is in his second year. During the last marking period he was on the honor roll. "Danny" is also continuing his baseball career, and is a member of the varsity nine. We all remember Danny's pitching!

Rita Carroll, Elise Clee, and Mildred Stewart, all of whom were graduated from Johnson High School with the class of '33, have recently completed their course of study at McIntosh Commercial School. Miss

Stewart is now employed in the Cross Coal Company in Lawrence, Mass.

Miss May Clare Leach was recently appointed the supervisor of music in the local schools, succeeding Miss Flora L. Richmond who resigned. Miss Leach graduated from Johnson High School in 1921 and then attended Jackson College. She entered the New

England Conservatory of Music in 1924, and upon her graduation in 1927, returned to obtain her Bachelor of Music Degree in 1928. During the past five years, she has been the assistant supervisor of music in the schools of Berlin, N. H.

Robert Gagne, the valedictorian of the class of 1932, has now resumed his studies at Yale University at New Haven.



CHEMISTRY CLUB VISITS LAUNDRY

The old saying that students dislike to wash is all "suds" for only recently the members of the Chemistry Club travelled all the way to Sutton Street just to inhale the pungent perfumery of the Meadow Brook Laundry. They tarried at this realm of washing soda for over an hour, listening intently to their guide's instructions and absorbing much information on the art of washing. "However," as one of the members said to this writer, "let it be understood that we received no instructions whatsoever on that part of laundering, called dishwashing."

GIRLS WIN IN GRIND

Choosing a hard course of Algebra and Latin the three girls, the three destined by perserverance and intelligence to win, started off on the most difficult of all races, "The Four-year Scholastic Marathon". The en-

tries were many and competition was keen but these girls took the lead from the first marking period, and setting a fast pace, kept the lead throughout the race. By the end of the first year many competitors, especially the boys whose endurance was taxed by the terrific strain, were forced to relinquish even their places at the end of the line and rest.

But not the pacemakers! Without slackening their stride, without even faltering, they "grinded," away four long years of racing and finally emerged victorious, winning for themselves academic knowledge and graduation honors.

These three girls who paced the pack and set a high scholastic record were: Blanche Downing, the highest ranker of all who will be Valedictorian at graduation; Virginia Bixby, the second-prize winner who will issue the Salutatory at graduation, and third, Claire Lebel who will be Class Essayist.

SCHOOL EXHIBITION HELD

On Friday, March 16, the first annual school exhibition was held. Specimens of work from the commercial, scientific, mathematical, English, foreign language, art, manual art, history, and social science departments were all displayed. Special experiments were given in the physics and chemistry laboratories, and in the school hall violin

solos were offered by Benny Polichowski, accompanied by Raymond Towne on the piano. About fifteen hundred people eager to see the works of their Johnny or Mary, attended on Friday evening. The projects were so finely done and the attendance was so liberal that it was decided to leave the exhibition on display for the next Monday evening, March 19.



Olson: "I hear Beanland fell asleep in the dentist's chair yesterday."

Towne: "Was feeling bored, I suppose."

Judge Welsh: "Is this the first time you have appeared as a witness?"

S. Martin: "No, your Honor."

Judge Welsh: "In what suit did you appear before?"

S. Martin: "My blue serge."

Don Morton, the Mexican up at the high school, went to the drug store for some flea powder, and to the druggist he said: "I want some powder, my dog, he play the guitar too much."

Joe Fitz: "What do you think of V. Drew's complexion?"

Herman Cass: "It doesn't taste as good as it looks."

Bill Hodge claims that he is going to walk 700 miles with a set of golf clubs; in other words, he's going to carry things too far.

Graham to Journal staff: "We must expel Aaronian. He's been telling everyone that I'm a jackass."

J. Kennedy: "Then I'd better tell him not to let out our Journal secrets."

"Who's that guy over there snapping his fingers?"

"That's a deaf mute with the hiccoughs."

Miss Scott: "Why should food be chewed before swallowing?"

Soph: "Because it's bad manners to swallow without chewing."

Phillips: "Will the spaghetti I ordered be long?"

Waiter: "We never measure it."

"Why is winter colder than summer?"

Frosh: "Because Christmas comes in the winter."

"Big" Kennedy: "Whenever I see you it reminds me of Louie Sander-son."

K. Brousseau: "But I don't look like him."

B. K.: "Of course you do. You both owe me a dime."

M. Curley: "Isn't it funny to hear the Egyptian Cleopatra speaking with an American accent to Mark Antony, the Roman."

Senior: "I'm only giving you a piece of advice."

Frosh: "You're too generous. Keep half of it for yourself."

Taken from the *Transcript*:

Archie (son of divorcees): "Nurse?"

Nurse: "What is it, dear?"

Archie: "If I die will I go 6 months to one place and 6 months to the other?"

BRIGHT SAYINGS

"The trouble with most of the unsatisfactory pictures," says a school wise-guy, "is that pictures do not lie."

* * *

Girls may not be as "smart" as boys but they certainly are more intelligent.

* * *

"There's a difference between an Inferiority Complex and an Inferior Complex," declares William Hodge confidently. (And he certainly ought to know!)

MACARTNEY'S

Lawrence's Biggest, Busiest,
and Best Men's and Boys'
Store

431 Essex Street Lawrence



Freeman Davis of No. Andover
Salesman

PREP CLUB

UNIVERSITY CLUB

SUITS

Specially adapted to the needs
and desires of young men.

Ask the man who wears one.

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



DAY DIVISION

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

Co-operating with engineering firms, offers curricula leading to the Bachelor of Science degree in the following branches of engineering:

Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Chemical Engineering
Industrial Engineering

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Co-operating with business firms, offers courses leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in the following fields of business:

Accounting
Banking and Finance
Business Management

The Co-operative Plan of training enables the student to combine technical theory with the equivalent of two years of practical experience, and makes it possible for him to earn his tuition and a part of his other school expenses.

For catalog or any further information write to:

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY
MILTON J. SCHLAGENHAUF, Director of Admissions
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A. B. SUTHERLAND COMPANY

LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE IN LAWRENCE

40 Departments Including Groceries

Cross Book Shop

Books Magazines Cards

19 LAWRENCE STREET

LAWRENCE MASSACHUSETTS

Compliments of

GLENNIE'S MILK

We carry a complete line of
Personal Greeting Cards
for all occasions

Perkins' Drug Store

N. B. Meagan, Prop.

Compliments of

Caterer Harry C. Foster

COMPLIMENTS OF

ESSEX SAVINGS BANK

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Cash or Terms

We Serve To Satisfy

ETERNIT STONEWALL SIDING

PERMANENT ROOFING COMPANY

A. T. Payne, Prop.

Dial: Lawrence 22234

Lowell 6570

CROSS COAL CO.

BEACON ANTHRACITE

NEW ENGLAND COKE

Compliments of

Dr. F. P. McLay

DENTIST

Lena H. Dearden

Tel. 26871

140 MAIN STREET NO. ANDOVER

A. L. COLE

STATIONER

232 ESSEX STREET LAWRENCE

Compliments of

Dr. M. P. Curren

DENTIST

Compliments of

TOM GILLESPIE

Clothing and Furnishings

236 ESSEX STREET LAWRENCE

Compliments of

D. & D. MARKET

No. Andover Ind. Ice Co.

IRA D. CARTY, Prop.

23 JOHNSON STREET NO. ANDOVER

Tel. 30189

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Tel. 4583

FRED GARDNER'S

TEMPLE OF MUSIC

**"The Home of Standard
Merchandise"**

Service Always—Always Service

379 ESSEX STREET LAWRENCE

Compliments of

No. Andover Coal Co

Arsenault's Garage

WILLIAM ARSENAULT, Prop.

GAS and OIL

GENERAL AUTO SERVICE

Corner Park St. and New State Highway

Tel. 26351 NORTH ANDOVER

Compliments of

Johnson High Lunch Room

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION

GOODYEAR TIRES

Socony Gasoline and Motor Oils

ED. McINNES, Prop.

RAILROAD SQUARE Tel. 21717

Maurice C. Casey

Real Estate and Insurance

of all kinds

54 WATER STREET NO. ANDOVER

Compliments of

A FRIEND

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

“YOU’LL FIND IT AT TREATS”

EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF SPORTS

WINTER SPORT CLOTHING

SNOW SHOES

SKATES

Baseball - Football - Basketball - Golf - Tennis - Clothing, etc.

TREAT HARDWARE CORPORATION

582 Essex Street

Dial 5115

25 Broadway

Lawrence, Mass.

“The House That Stands for Quality”

Compliments of

Finneran’s Drug Store

130 MAIN STREET

NO. ANDOVER

Compliments of

Longbottom’s Market

J. VENTRE

Ladies’ and Gents’

CUSTOM TAILOR

CLEANING

PRESSING

REPAIRING

MAIN STREET

NO. ANDOVER

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE

284 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

SMITH & COUTTS COMPANY

PRINTERS

4 PARK STREET

ANDOVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

